

... THE ...

# Converted Catholic

EDITED BY FATHER O'CONNOR

"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."—Luke xlii: 32.

Vol. XVI.

OCTOBER 1899.

No. 10.

## THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Specially designed for the enlightenment of  
Roman Catholics and their conversion  
to Evangelical Christianity.

JAMES A. O'CONNOR, PUBLISHER,  
142 West 21st St., New York.

Subscription, per Year.....\$1.00  
Single Copies, 10 Cents.  
Sample copies sent on application.

Entered at the Post Office, New York, as second-  
class matter.

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## EDITORIAL NOTES.

IT is a common saying that there are many good people in the Roman Catholic Church and that there are honorable, upright, virtuous men among the priests. Of course there are. But it is a fact that in every country there is a large number who are Catholics only because they were born so. When they begin to think for themselves they turn away from the superstitions of Rome and are ready to receive the Gospel of the Son of God if it be presented to them plainly and lovingly. They care nothing about denominational theology or polity. After their conversion to Christ they may become interested in church affairs. But the cry of their hearts is like that of certain Greeks who came to the disciples saying, "Sirs, we would see Jesus." After wearisome and fruitless prayers to the statues and pictures of the Virgin Mary and saints, and confessions to priests and the reception of countless years of indulgences, those Catholics want to know the truth of religion—they want to see and know Jesus the Son of God, the loving Redeemer who gave Himself to the death of the cross that He might atone for the sins of the world.

**Respect for Jesus' Name.**

Catholics hold in reverence the name of Jesus. The baser sort will sometimes blaspheme that holy Name, though they will not call the name of the Pope or the Virgin Mary in vain. Indeed if one wishes to have a fight on his hands he has but to go among a crowd of Catholic workingmen and cry out, "The Pope is a humbug and deceiver; down with him!" or, "The Virgin Mary is no good; she cannot save a soul." But the great mass of the Catholic people cannot be said to be otherwise than reverent toward the name of Jesus. When, therefore, they learn what He has done for them they will draw nigh unto Him, and God's promise is that He will save those that come unto Him. When they learn the truths of the Gospel and know Christ as their Saviour, the superstitions of Rome, the confessions to priests, the mockery of the mass where priest's say they make Christ of a wafer, the rosary prayers, the fear of purgatory and the other doctrines and practices of Romanism will become an abomination in their eyes. They will become like other Christians, worshipping God in spirit and in truth and serving Him with contrite, humble and devout hearts.

**Priests Leaving the Roman Church.**

Last month we heard from four priests who wish to leave the Roman Catholic Church. One wrote from a Bishop's house—palace is the churchly name for an episcopal residence—saying he was sick at heart, he was worried in mind, his soul troubled him, his whole being was in a state of anxiety, disquiet and unrest from what he had seen, heard and felt. Would he be received into Christ's Mission, and was there a probability of a way opening for him wherein he could obtain peace of mind and rest for his soul? He said he was a young man and had not been long a

priest, but already he was sick of it. An encouraging, hopeful letter was sent to him with a report of the work of Christ's Mission in which he would find the record of many priests who had been received into the Mission and had been blessed in turning away from the Church of Rome to accept the faith of evangelical Christians, the faith once delivered to the saints. As a believer in Christ, the only Mediator between God and man, the blessing of God would come upon this priest as upon the others who had preceded him and been welcomed to Christ's Mission.

Another priest wrote from the West in a similar strain, only expressing himself in stronger terms, and to him a letter of sympathy and hope was also sent.

A third letter was from a Canadian priest, a professor in a seminary. After answering him we communicated with our friend, the Rev. Calvin E. Amaron, D. D., of St. John's Presbyterian Church, Montreal, who informed us that his church would see to the welfare of that priest.

The advent of a young Jesuit to Christ's Mission on September 21 is noted elsewhere in this issue. His name is withheld for the present. By and by we hope he will speak for himself. Meantime the care and instruction he will receive in the Mission family will do him good. He is a man of excellent family, learned and accomplished, and if the Jesuits should seek to persecute or annoy him we shall put them in the pillory and they will be in a worse condition than their infamous Society is in France to day. Christian people do not persecute anyone on account of religion or enter into conspiracies against individuals as the Jesuits do, and in this country such methods will not be tolerated. But even though the Jesuits should work their evil designs in the dark, we know the Lord will protect us, and we shall continue to

welcome priests, even out of their own Society, and help them to a better life and a purer faith in Christ's Mission.

#### Catholics Wrecking their Churches.

We give much space this month to the Dreyfus affair. It is, as the *New York Sun* said, the crime of the century that an innocent man should be condemned by a Jesuitical conspiracy. During the trial a Paris mob wrecked a Roman Catholic church, destroyed the statue of the Virgin Mary and trampled upon the host, that is, the wafers that the priests had consecrated at mass and which the Roman Church says are transubstantiated into the body and blood, soul and divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ.

In other Catholic countries the people are showing in an unmistakable manner that they are tired of the oppressions of the Roman Catholic Church. We noted in a recent issue of this magazine that mobs in various towns of Spain had attacked Catholic churches, crying, "Down with the Jesuits!" A movement to expel the Jesuits from that country is gaining headway. The following dispatch appeared in the daily press of September 15:

FERROL, SPAIN, Sept. 24, 1899.—Serious disorders took place here last evening. A mob of 3,000 stoned the principal Catholic club and the Town Hall, smashing the windows in both buildings. The Municipal Guards charged the rioters, but were repulsed, eleven guards being injured as well as many civilians. Finally a squad of mounted gendarmes dispersed the rioters. The authorities have proclaimed the city under martial law.

#### What Father McGlynn Said.

When Father Edward McGlynn was under the ban of excommunication for advocating the brotherhood of man and opposing Tammany Hall, he said the Roman Catholics in the United States, especially those of Irish descent, would

turn against the Roman machine and destroy it. When McGlynn was restored, and rusticated, he said he retracted nothing he had ever said against the Roman Church, but that in the future he would keep silence regarding the corruptions and abuses that existed. His words, however, may prove a prophecy. The Roman Church boasts that it is always and everywhere the same. Very well. What is happening in France and Spain may occur here.

#### Let the Light Shine.

No case in modern history attracted so much attention as the trial of Dreyfus. Three hundred reporters from all parts of the world were present at Rennes during the five weeks that the trial lasted. No previous event in the world's history called together so many representatives of the press. Papers in Japan and even in Turkey sent reporters to Rennes to tell the story of the conspiracy against the Jewish Captain. A representative of the *New York Sun* said in the issue of that paper for September 25, "A paper which I had never heard of in Norway spent \$100 a day to give its readers an account of the trial, and a single journal in Vienna expended more than \$20,000 in telegraph tolls at 'urgent' rates during the five weeks." The American papers were largely represented. Daily six and eight columns in papers like the *New York Tribune* and *Herald* were devoted to reports of the trial. It was this publicity that saved Dreyfus, or rather compelled the President of the French Republic to pardon him. The Jesuits work in the dark. When light is let in on their deeds their wicked plans are defeated. Thus it is also with the unscriptural doctrines and superstitious practices of the Church of Rome. Let the light of the Gospel enter the minds and hearts of the people, and error and darkness shall disappear.

**Catholics at Tent Meetings.**

Last summer tent meetings on a large scale were held in many of our large cities. The Presbyterians of Philadelphia had several large tents in different parts of the city where pastors and distinguished evangelists like Drs. Chapman and Burrell of this city, and W. J. Erdman, Munhall and Needham of Germantown preached regularly throughout the summer. Roman Catholics attended these meetings in large numbers, and we venture to say they will be better Christians and less Romanists after hearing the Gospel from those masters in Israel.

It was our privilege to preach to many Catholics in a large tent at Hoboken, N. J., September 27.

In this city also a large tent in charge of Evangelist Pratt attracted great crowds. Mr. Sankey sang at the services several times, and among the preachers during the summer were Bishop Andrews of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Mr. Moody, Drs. Meyer and Morgan of London, and MacArthur, Morse, Chapman and Munhall. At the service on Sunday, September 24, Dr. Munhall preached on "The Bible," upholding the integrity of the Word of God. No one, said he, has a right to go through the Bible and "cut out" anything that does not suit him.

**The Story of Jonah True.**

In an article in the *New York Independent* last August Dr. T. S. Hamlin, a Presbyterian pastor of Washington, D. C., referring to the Bible conference at Northfield this year commented on the fact that no reference to Jonah and the whale had been made by any of the speakers, thereby intimating that the omission was due to the presence of many pastors who are "liberals" in theology.

But at the tent service in this city where Dr. Munhall spoke this part of

the record of God's Word was brought out in unmistakable terms. According to the report in the *Tribune* of September 25 Dr. Munhall dwelt long on the story of Jonah and the whale. He first endeavored to prove that a whale could have easily swallowed Jonah, and then that the Bible does not say that a whale, but a "big fish" swallowed Jonah.

The Doctor says that he has in his home a tooth of a shark, and that scientific computation has proved that the shark had been over 100 feet long and had a mouth 36 feet wide, which could not only have swallowed a Jonah, but a trolley car loaded with passengers. He also knew an old whaling captain who had seen whales that could easily swallow a whaleboat. The Doctor said that he himself once saw a gigantic sea fish or serpent which took one look at him and then disappeared for parts unknown. It might have been, he said, the identical whale that had swallowed Jonah, and the creature had found one experience with an evangelist enough for him.

Many Catholics who attend the services in Christ's Mission Sunday evenings were present at these tent meetings, where they heard sound doctrine and the way of salvation.

**CHRIST'S MISSION DEBT.**

Since the last payment on the debt that hangs over Christ's Mission building \$100 has been received from friends in different parts of the country, the largest contribution to this amount being \$50. It is earnestly hoped this debt will soon be paid and not be a drag on the work of the Mission. It would be discouraging if it should be carried over into the twentieth century. After so much has been done this obstacle to the progress of the work should be removed. The debt is only \$3,500.

**CHRIST'S MISSION SERVICES.**

**S**UNDAY evening, September 24, Pastor O'Connor preached, drawing lessons from the Dreyfus case and putting the Jesuits in the pillory for their nefarious work in this and other historical cases. He said he had loved France, where he was at school thirty-five years ago, and he felt almost a personal degradation as he read the reports of the trial. But there was hope for that beautiful country in the noble men who defended justice; and he saw in the pardon of the Hebrew Captain an acknowledgement of the wrong that had been done. There is always hope for a nation as well as an individual that repents.

At this service the Scripture lessons—Isaiah 53 and Psalm 103—were read by a Catholic ecclesiastic who had come to the Mission the week before. His manner and appearance are described by one who has been Pastor O'Connor's assistant and general factotum, clerk, printer, etc., for the last eleven years.

A JESUIT SCHOLASTIC.

**Statement of Stephen H. Nichols.**

On Wednesday afternoon, September 20, 1899, about 4 o'clock, a tall young man, about 31 years of age, dressed in the garb of a Roman Catholic priest, called at Christ's Mission, 142 West Twenty first street. He rang the door bell of the office and I, Mr. O'Connor's clerk, answered the call. I asked the young man what he wanted. He inquired if Mr. O'Connor lived here. I answered "yes."

He said: "Can I see him?"

I said, "Mr. O'Connor is not in at present; he is out of the city, but I expect him home this evening or the next day."

The young man then said: "I am a

Catholic, a Jesuit, and I wish to leave the Roman Catholic Church and become a Protestant."

I asked him where he was stopping at present.

He said: "I had a furnished room on Sixteenth street, but my week was up last night, and I have no money to pay for another week."

I asked him if he had any friends in the city.

He said: "I have no friends at all here."

He then asked: "Do you think Mr. O'Connor will befriend me?"

I said I knew that Mr. O'Connor would take care of him if he wished to become a Protestant Christian and do what was right.

He said: "I will do what is right, and will follow Mr. O'Connor's advice."

As I had no authority to receive any person in the house in the absence of Mr. O'Connor, I gave the young man a note to the Mission on East Twenty-third street, telling the superintendent of the mission to give the bearer of the note meals and lodgings until the next day, when I expected Mr. O'Connor would be home. The gentleman took the note and thanked me, and then went away.

The next day he called again, and I told him Mr. O'Connor would be home that evening, and he said he would call again later in the day. He returned in the afternoon when he met Mr. O'Connor.

A Roman Catholic ecclesiastic, even a Jesuit, or rather because he was a Jesuit, was of course received into Christ's Mission when applying under such circumstances. The Jesuits deserve all the condemnation they receive, but when one of them honestly and sincerely turns away from evil he should be encouraged to learn the truth of God,



This gentleman had many important documents in his possession, among them the following letter from Father Purbrick, the Provincial of the Jesuits, whose headquarters are in this city.

A. M. D. G.

Provincia Marylandiæ-Neo Eboracensis,  
30 West 16th Street,

NEW YORK CITY, Dec. 31, 1898.

Dear ——— :

I am happy to be able to tell you that we shall be happy to admit you as a scholastic Novice at Frederick as soon as you find it convenient to join:

I am writing to the Rev. J. H. O'Rourke, Novitiate, Frederick, Md., to tell him so, and shall be glad if you will notify him of the day and hour of your arrival.

If you book at Liberty street, N. Y., any day through to Frederick, there is a convenient train at 11.30 a. m., which is due at Camden Station, Baltimore, at 3.40 p. m., and another train leaving the same station at 4.15 or 4.30, which is due at Frederick at 7 p. m.

I enclose a list of such clothing as we like our candidates to bring with them, but it is not *de rigueur*, only a kind of useful guide. Whatever you find convenient to take will satisfy us.

If you like to reach Frederick on the 5th of January, then you would have the Feast of Epiphany two years hence as the day for you taking your vows, which would be a very suitable day; but this is only a suggestion, as any day will do.

Wishing you a Happy New Year, and every blessing, I remain,

Yours truly in Xt,

E. I. PURBRICK, S. J.

As will be seen, Father Purbrick was very anxious to get this young man into the novitiate of his Society to make him a thorough Jesuit. There is a dearth of novices among the Jesuits. Another young man from this city also left the novitiate at Frederick recently.

## Death of Miss Keeler.

It was sad news to the congregation of Christ's Mission to learn from Pastor O'Connor Sunday evening, September 24, that Miss Sarah Warren Keeler, one of the regular attendants at the services for many years would not be with them again in that chapel. There was sorrow in every heart that a friend so dear had been taken away from them. Mr. O'Connor said it was a personal loss to him. For several years Miss Keeler had attended the meetings every Sunday evening, and there was no more devout worshipper, no more earnest Christian in the congregation. She was the friend of every one who frequented the Mission. A lady of the highest culture, she drew the people to her by the winning grace of her manner. She will be sadly missed.

Miss Keeler was a native of New York State, of an old American family, and was intensely patriotic. She was a teacher in this city, and a few years ago, after consulting Pastor O'Connor, she began the study of law in the New York University. Last June she graduated, and in the large class of young lawyers that received their diplomas in the Metropolitan Opera House, she was one of the most brilliant, the most charming. And she was very happy in the possession of her degree of LL. B. But she paid dearly for it. Too close application to study was the cause of her death. On September 11, after returning from her vacation, she received a stroke of paralysis from which she did not recover, and three days later she passed away. Her brother, Mr. George L. Keeler, in a note to Mr. O'Connor the day she was stricken said, "Before she became speechless she mentioned your name many times." All in Christ's Mission mourn with the bereaved family, and no one more keenly than the pastor. He esteemed her highly.

### Mr. Moody's Bereavement.

A few days after the close of the Bible conference at Northfield in August the Lord took unto Himself little Irene Moody, the four year old grandchild of D. L. Moody, who had been a sufferer from consumption for five months previously. Much sympathy was felt for the Moody family, and especially for the parents of the little girl, William R. Moody and May Whittle Moody, a daughter of Major Whittle. This is the second and last child that has been taken from them by death within a year.

At the funeral service of little Irene, which was held on the lawn in front of D. L. Moody's house, and was attended by the townspeople and the visitors who had remained for the post conference, Mr. Moody said:

I would like to say a few words if I can trust myself. I have been thinking this morning about the old baldheaded prophet so many hundred years ago waiting in the valley of the Jordan for the chariot of God that was to take him home, and again the chariot of God came down in the Connecticut valley yesterday morning about half-past six and took Irene home. For five months she was sick, and for days out in California last winter I kept my satchel packed ready to go to her side at a moment's call; but I prayed the Father that He might bring her back to Northfield that she might go from this valley, and God heard the prayer. Irene has finished her course; her work was well wrought on earth. She has accomplished more than many in their three-score years and ten. We would not have her back although her voice was the sweetest voice I ever heard on earth. She never met me once since she was three months old, until the last few days of pain, without a smile; but Christ had some service for her above. My life has been made much better by her min-

istry here on earth; she has made us all better. She has been a blessing to all the conferences this year. She has brought a feeling of sympathy into the meetings such as we have never had before. During the young men's conference I tried to keep it secret, but while I was on the platform my heart was ever here at the house. On the day after the conference closed she left for the Adirondacks, and we feared we might never see her again. During the woman's conference my heart was yonder in the mountains at Saranac. The last night of that conference, while I was trying to speak to the young women words of cheer and encouragement, I was constantly thinking of the little girl, and within twelve hours I was at her side. The last few days have been blessed days to me; I have learned many new and precious lessons. She was very fond of riding with me, and Monday morning she asked me to take her riding, and at half-past six we were riding together. She never looked more beautiful; she was just ripening for heaven; she was too fair for this earth. I thank God this morning for the hope of immortality; I know I shall meet her in the morning, and (to Mr. Torrey) your Elizabeth—more beautiful in her resurrection glory than she ever was here. I want to thank you for myself, my family and Major Whittle for your sympathy; we have learned to love you more than ever before.

Mr. Moody was obliged to stop several times during his remarks, overcome with emotion.

BANCROFT, MICH., June 13, 1899.

Enclosed find one dollar for THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC. God bless you and your work. Oh, that I could wipe out that debt on the Mission! Praying that those who have plenty will open their hearts and lift that debt of \$3,500, I am, yours truly, S. S. L.

## UNLOAD YOUR CARE.

BY GERARD B. F. HALLOCK, D. D.,  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A VERY beautiful thought is brought out by the French translation of a verse in the first Epistle of Peter. The words are: "Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you." Where our version reads "casting," the French translation is "unloading" (*dechargeant*). The difference of meaning is made plain by an illustration we have somewhere seen. The writer said: "The word 'cast' might seem to bring to our mind the action of taking up something and throwing it over on Jesus; but many times, dear friend, have you not found the cares too heavy to lift? Have you not felt that they were crushing you with their weight? Have you ever seen a coal cart unload? The man took out of the front of the heavy cart a little pin, and the cart was so balanced on the axles that then, with a slight pressure on the back of the cart, it would tip up and the whole load slide off to the ground, and the pony would trot away with a light step. You do not have to take it up; just take out the little pin of your endeavors to help matters, and, with your hands of faith and committal, tip up the big load, and then run on, for 'He takes care of you.'"

Unload the cares you carry on your shoulders. It may be that it is the daily responsibility of toil that rests so heavily upon you. You may feel that you have so much to do. There is so much depending on your doing it. Your family must be fed; your children must be educated; that sick wife or daughter must be tended. There is a tremendous load upon your shoulders. You ask if it is possible to unload any such actual, human, every-day burdens as these upon God. How can it be done? For

answer we give an illustration heard from the lips of the aged and saintly pastor, James B. Shaw, of Rochester, which he used in one of the last sermons he preached shortly before his death. He said: "You all have noticed how little children keep continually on the go; they play from morning till night, and work so hard at it—keeping on, keeping on—you can scarcely get them to stop to sleep. Indeed, if sleep gets them at all, it must catch them on the fly! It is a wonder to you, an actual source of amusement, how they ever manage to keep up their work and activity so long. The secret is," he added, "that they are free from care. *They do the work, and let the father take the worry.* If we were only like children in this respect, how much longer and better we could live. Let us do the work, and let the Father take the worry."

Unload the cares you carry on your head. That may sound a little odd, but people do carry burdens on their heads. Some also carry burdens, that no one can see, on their heads. There are men who try to sleep with cash books and cash box and ledgers piled up on their heads; and some have heavier things, such as stores and buildings and bridges and railroads and great institutions on their heads. In some respects there is not much difference between the burdens that rest on the shoulders than those that rest on the head. Indeed, our whole self is concerned when we carry a burden anywhere. Nevertheless, many a person has broken down under a burden on the head who could have borne well a greater weight upon the shoulders.

A shipmaster was once out for three nights in a storm; close by the harbor, he yet dared not attempt to go in, and the sea was too rough for the pilot to come abroad. Afraid to trust the less experienced sailors, he himself stood



firmly at the helm. Human endurance almost gave way before the unwonted strain. Worn with toil, beating about, worn yet more with anxiety for his crew and cargo, he was well-nigh relinquishing the wheel and letting all go a-wreck when he saw the little boat coming with the pilot. At once that hardy sailor sprang on the deck, and with only a word, took the helm in his hand. The captain went immediately below for food and rest, and more especially to comfort the passengers, who were weary with apprehension. Plainly, now, his duty was in the cabin. The pilot would care for the ship. Where had his burden gone? Where, indeed? For the captain's heart was as light as a school boy's and his mind as free from care. He felt no pressure. The pilot, too, seemed perfectly unconcerned. He had no distress, either. But where had the burden gone? The great load of anxiety was gone forever, fallen in some way or other between them! It must be in some such way as this the untold multitudes of earth are invited to unload their mental cares and anxieties upon God.

Unload the cares you carry on your heart. God has no children without sorrow, and in many cases the load seems too heavy to be borne; but His own invitation is: "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee." If you will look at this verse as it stands in our English Bible you will see that another translation is added upon the margin alongside, introducing the exceedingly impressive figure of speech employed by the psalmist in his own language. There it reads: "Roll thy way upon the Lord," as if our cares were burdens and could be heaved off upon almighty shoulders, so that our relieved souls could stand up lithe and erect.

But the thing that can most surely unload the heart is to come into consciousness of the fact so plainly stated,

"He careth for you." That means that He loves us and sympathizes with us and will exercise His strength in our behalf. Whatever the burden that bears down on the heart, to know that God has not left us out of mind or out of sight, but that He is "keeping watch over His own," and "will make all things work together for our good," cannot fail to lighten the weight and give a sense of security and a glad hope of final good. Unload your cares!

### Converted Reading the Magazine.

We constantly hear of the conversion of Catholics through the reading of this magazine. The Rev. M. L. Bovee, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Hadley, Michigan, when writing last month of his transfer to his present charge from West Bay City, said: "I loaned a copy of THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC a few months ago to a Roman Catholic and it was the means of his conversion to the Protestant faith."

We hope our friends will continue to circulate the magazine where it will do good. We shall be glad to send extra copies for this purpose. We send out hundreds of copies every month, and the good they do will be known only in eternity. Occasionally we receive a contribution for the free circulation of the magazine, and for this we are very thankful. But better than our thanks is the knowledge that the contributors to the free fund are doing good in co-operating in the conversion of souls, and in turning Catholics from the darkness of Romanism to the light of the Gospel. As an agent in that work THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC is to be commended. We hope contributions to the fund for free circulation will enable us to send out more copies every month. We need the co-operation of friends in this work.

## DREYFUS AND THE JESUITS.

THE SHAME OF FRANCE.

THE daily papers that have given such long reports of the trial of Captain Dreyfus have scarcely referred to the religious aspect of the case. But there has been some religion—of the Roman type—mixed up with it. The New York *Sun*, September 4, had the following dispatch:

"LONDON, Sep. 3.—The Rome correspondent of the *Central News* says that he has interviewed many of the Vatican officials, including Mgrs. Pifféri and Angeli, and learns that the Pope and a number of the high dignitaries are opposed to Dreyfus. He adds that the Vatican will not issue instructions to the French clergy in regard to their attitude when the Rennes court martial delivers its verdict."

It was not necessary for the Pope to issue any new instructions regarding the celebrated case. The French clergy and the priests of Rome throughout the world, and all of their papers, have been opposed to Dreyfus from the time he was first condemned, and there is abundant evidence that the Jesuits have been the prime factors in the persecution of this Hebrew captain. Behind the generals who pressed the case for the prosecution of the Jew was the Society of Jesus that educated them. All of the members of the general staff had been pupils of the Jesuits, or of other Roman Catholic schools, and their disregard of truth during the trial that has astonished the world only illustrates the teaching of their masters. In the moral theology of the Jesuits lying in the interest of the Church is not only excused, but it is justified. The generals learned this in their youth, and they practice it in their riper years.

During the trial there was no direct evidence that the Jesuits had instigated

the crime, but much side light was thrown on the case by the comments of the press. In the New York *Tribune*, September 6, there appeared an interview with Dr. Charles M. Garnier, a distinguished professor in France, who said:

"The Dreyfus trial will show us anti-Semitism in its true light, a feeling founded on envy of the Hebrews' financial success and fomented for ulterior purposes by those who profess to be guided only by the spirit of Christ. Perhaps it is not generally known in America that the Pope himself was petitioned by Madame Dreyfus to aid her in her struggle for a revision of her husband's sentence, and did not even reply to her, much less lift a finger in her behalf."

In the same issue of the *Sun* from which we have quoted we find the following item:

"The latest canard intended to prejudice the Catholic members of the court martial against Dreyfus is a declaration which, it is intended, is made on official authority, that he took the highest degree in Free Masonry in 1893.

Even such papers as the New York *Independent* that seek occasion to say a good word for the Roman Catholic Church whenever it is possible to do so, cannot avoid seeing the hand of the Jesuit in this case. In an article by Mr. Othon Guerlac of the Paris *Temps* that appeared in the *Independent*, September 14, 1899, the writer says:

"Everybody knows that a great many army officers are pupils of the Jesuits and other Catholic schools. The General Staff has been said to be chiefly made out of them. M. Yves Guyot has pointed out, over and over again, the fact that *La Libre Parole*, the anti-

Semetic organ that was instrumental in spreading Jew baiting through the army : s well as through the nation, and has led a shameless campaign against both Dreyfus and his supporters, was founded by Drumont, with the co-operation of a man closely connected with a great Jesuit institution in Paris. He charges the Jesuits with the intention of driving all Jews out of the army since *La Libre Parole* had taken that stand in denouncing, in turn, all Jewish officers, and since it was the first to get the news of Dreyfus's arrest in 1894. . . .

"There is some serious ground for holding the Catholic Church as a body responsible for the attitude and behavior not merely of the great culprits in the case, but of the bulk of the people. . . .

"From beginning to end the Roman Catholic Church remained deaf to the cries of the innocent, illegally condemned man and joined the crowd of his foes. All that could be done to compromise the Roman Church with the cause of injustice was actually done.

"When, long before the movement for Revision had begun, Mme. Dreyfus appealed to Pope Leo XIII. for a word of mercy; the old opportunist, who had witnessed without protest the Armenian massacres, remained silent.

"When in October, 1897, Scheurer-Kestner started the agitation, when all generous hearts began to be stirred up by the revelations, and asked that Dreyfus be granted a new trial, not a single Catholic seemed to share the general anxiety. When petitions were circulated all over the country and were covered with illustrious names, many people cried out: 'There are only Protestants and Jews!' It was not true. There were a good many agnostics, who were actually Catholics by birth, but strongly hostile to their Church. There were many prominent scientists, university professors, *litterateurs*, students, working people. There were many

Protestant ministers, and, among them, the most distinguished. There was not a single priest, not a single true Catholic. . . .

"When bands of boys and students shouted in the streets, '*A bas Zola, mort aux Juifs*,' they were recruited mostly in the Catholic schools. In the Catholic press not a single paper, from the *Univers* and *La Verite* down to that disreputable gutter sheet, *La Croix*, had toward the Revisionists even an attitude of fairness. They all abused them grossly and accused them of being paid by the 'Jewish syndicate.' When two prominent journalists known for their devotion to Catholicism, M. Herve de Kerohant, of *Le Soleil*, and Cornely, of *Le Figaro*, passed over to the Dreyfus party they were called traitors.

"The Church showed itself proud of any opportunity the army gave her to emphasize 'the alliance between the sword and the stoup,' as the Dreyfusite papers styled it. Speeches were delivered by colonels and generals to that effect. One of the most liberal Catholic orators, Father Didon, presiding over the commencement of one of his great educational institutions, in the presence of General Jamont, chief commander of the army, made a preposterous apology for militarism and brutal force.

"While the names of scores of Protestant ministers were to be seen on all the lists of protests, or of subscriptions for Dreyfus, or Picquart, the Catholics gave their money to the subscriptions started by *La Libre Parole* for the widow of Colonel Henry, the forger, and expressed their desire to see soon a new St. Bartholomew."

Mr. Guerlac concludes his article, from which we have made such liberal extracts, as follows:

"And now, once again it seems as if punishment were to visit Catholicism for having forgotten the ideal of the Gospel. Anti Catholic and anti cleri-

cal feelings which of late years have been gradually dying out have been aroused again. Since the Church seems to be always on the side of the foes of the Republic and always supports the movement of Reaction and of Oppression, many French liberals begin to think that they will have to fight it to the end. Anti-clericalism has regained power. Catholics are threatened in their liberty and their rights. Socialists and anarchists wreck their churches. Many Radicals and Republicans in the Chamber talk of striking a deadly blow at their schools, and a petition is now being signed to enforce the laws against the Jesuits. It looks as if Catholicism were about, once more, to harvest what it has sown."

Among the French Protestants who espoused the cause of Dreyfus, because it was the cause of right and justice, were such distinguished men as Messrs. Brisson, Premier Krans, formerly Minister of War, Scheurer-Kestner, formerly vice president of the senate, and who died the day Dreyfus was pardoned, Loew, presiding judge of the Court of Cassation, Senator Jules Siegfried, Jules Laroche, ex governor of Madagascar, Dean Bruston of the University of Paris, several other distinguished educators, and Francis de Pressense of the *Temps* newspaper. The clerical party seeing this array of distinguished Protestants on the side of justice, cried out, "Down with the Huguenots!" as well as, "Down with the Jews!"

The press of the civilized world, outside of the organs of the Roman Catholic Church, condemned the unjust trial and the farcical verdict. "The verdict," said the *Philadelphia Ledger*, a most conservative paper, which is always friendly to the Roman Catholic Church, "is not a crime against the Jews wholly. Insensate and diabolical racial hatred was undoubtedly one of the incentives to the Dreyfus persecution. This was an

active provocative of the conspiracy, but it is nevertheless a minor consideration. The offense is much broader than that. It is a blow at Christianity and humanity as well. The chorus of indignant protest in the United States and in England lifts the unjust condemnation of Dreyfus into a grievance of civilization itself. It is a blur on the escutcheon of the French Republic, in whose welfare the sister republic beyond the sea has fraternal interest."

The *Cologne Gazette*, one of the most influential of German dailies, said:

"It is a cowardly verdict, in the barbarous spirit of the Middle Ages. By this crime the judges have imposed a line of demarkation between France and the rest of the world, which, although it will not prevent diplomatic intercourse or stay the common change of products, will, according to all the notions of right, justice, honor, tolerance and ethics which the civilized world bears with it in the twentieth century, form a barrier only to be removed by time and laborious effort."

It is noteworthy that the defenders of Dreyfus have been the foremost Protestants of France. They know well that the hand of the Jesuit has been felt in all the proceedings against Dreyfus. What has aroused the anger of the Jesuits and made them enemies of the Jewish Captain? Hatred of the Republic in which men can attain freedom, and jealousy of the progress of liberty in the hands of the present statesmen of France who cannot be relied upon to advance the cause of ultramontaniam. The Jesuits are losing ground in France, as in all Europe, and they cannot stand idly by and see the Protestants, Jews and men of liberal sentiments exercising the power and authority in the State that they think should be in their hands. A Republican form of government can never be acceptable to the Roman Catholic Church.

The verdict of guilty rendered by the military judges in the Dreyfus case was accompanied with "extenuating circumstances." The absurdity of this qualification was apparent to all. Dreyfus was accused of treason in betraying secrets of the army, and if guilty there could be no extenuating circumstances. His innocence was established by irrefutable testimony, and the guilt of Colonel Henry, who committed suicide after confessing to the forgery of documents that were to implicate Captain Dreyfus, and of Esterhazy, who acknowledged that he also had committed forgery, was completely established. Dreyfus was sentenced to ten years imprisonment, but ten days later he was pardoned by President Loubet, and is now at liberty.

### The Dreyfus and Calas Cases.

The famous case of Jean Calas was in many respects similar to that of Captain Alfred Dreyfus. In 1761 the son of Calas, who was a rich and upright Protestant merchant of Toulouse, committed suicide by hanging in his father's house. Toulouse was the home of perhaps the most fanatical Roman Catholic churchmen in France. Calas, the Protestant, was charged with having murdered his own son to prevent his conversion to Roman Catholicism. The evidence was preposterous and strikingly like what was seriously offered against Dreyfus. One of the leading witnesses against Calas was a house painter who swore that his wife had told him that a woman she did not know had told her that she had heard the groans of the victim at the end of the street. Calas was condemned, notwithstanding the favorable testimony of the Calas family and the fact that a somewhat infirm man of 68 could hardly have strangled a robust and muscular person in the prime of life. The accused was

burned to death after terrible torture on the wheel, but in his last breath he protested his innocence.

The rehabilitation of Calas's character and memory was due to the French "intellectuals" of those days, led by Voltaire, who spent three years in a masterly agitation to force the atrocity upon the attention of the king and his council. Voltaire's famous essay on "Tolerance" was the permanent literary fruit of it. Finally the government at Paris reopened the case and did what could be done to right one of the most monstrous wrongs. Jean Calas could not be brought back to life, but three years after his death it was decreed by the supreme tribunal of France that no murder had been committed and that the family of Calas should sue the Toulouse court for damages. The king himself gave 36,000 livres to the widow and her children to make good the loss of the family fortune. Jean Calas, it is needless to say, was a victim of the fanatical bigotry and murderous intolerance of the medieval religion that still held sway in the south of France.

### Father Lambert for Porto Rico.

The awful hurricane that devastated Porto Rico in August has left the people of that fair island in a sad condition. But as it is now a part of the United States, steps were taken immediately by the Government to relieve the distress of the inhabitants. This has been supplemented by the contributions of citizens in all parts of the country, and thus provision is made for the material care of the people. But their spiritual condition is what unadulterated Romanism has made it. Few men are better fitted for Christian work there than Father Lambert, and he is ready to go. Last month \$50 were received for him. We hope more will come soon.



**PROTESTANTISM IN SPAIN.****Prospect for the United States.**

BY MARY LYON PAGE.

WHEN I went out to Spain seven years ago to teach in the mission founded by Mr. and Mrs. Gulick I found a blindness of superstition and depth of ignorance that I had little suspected. There are as many different representations of the Virgin as there are provinces; each one is worshipped by its devotees for some special virtue. The figures themselves, they believe, can cure all diseases and work miracles. We saw a picture of a Virgin that could move its eyes; the sacristan lighted a candle and moved it slowly from side to side to prove that the eyes moved! This showed that it had wonderful power, and many pray to it to be healed of their troubles.

Every year the people make pilgrimages to a sacred shrine or church, spending several days in feasting, drinking and going to mass. At the last service the priest gives them a bit of pasteboard with the picture of a saint on it. On one occasion I saw a crowd of people coming out of church, each one having a card hung round the neck. As soon as they get home they put the magic card inside and wear it as a talisman next the heart to keep off sickness and disaster.

During Holy Week they have long processions with life size figures of the Virgin carried around on men's shoulders. These figures are dressed in rich silk and velvet, for which the poor people are heavily taxed. There is another procession always seen in May. The communion is carried and administered to those who are sick and unable to go to church. As they believe the bread to be the real body of Christ it is put upon a velvet cushion and borne under a grand canopy which resembles a

throne. Houses are decorated on the streets through which it is borne. A band of music accompanies the procession, and as it passes slowly along people uncover their heads and kneel upon the sidewalk, for it is "His Majesty," God himself, in the wafer.

Mr. and Mrs. Gulick have been at work in Spain twenty-seven years, and have founded seven stations and churches, with over 1,000 pupils in schools. Mr. Gulick has often been called the "Bishop of the North of Spain." The ignorance of the women is so great, as only a few of them can read or write, that Mrs. Gulick has founded an International Institute where girls can receive a college education and be prepared to teach and help regenerate their nation.

As the aim of the school is religious there was great opposition to it and the work, and in San Sebastian, where we were located, the people of the city had said "it is a shame and a disgrace to have Protestants in this good Catholic city; let us arise and drive them out." A society of women banded themselves together to break up the work, directing their attention especially to the day school. They would stand on the corner of the street when the school was dismissed and entice the children by gifts of candy and sweet meats, find out the names of their parents and where they lived; then the priests would go to the parents and tell them they would certainly go to hell if they sent their children to the Protestant school. If they persisted they would be turned out of their homes and lose their occupation. In spite of this the work flourished, especially when the students of the Institute went to the state examinations given to the young men and received the government diploma and title of A. B. These graduates are now in all parts of Spain teaching in mission schools.

We had lived peacefully in San Sebas-

tian many years and had many personal friends, yet when the war broke out we felt that it was not wise to tempt them too far, and, although we might have continued there without harm, we thought it more prudent to go away, as some irresponsible persons might have felt they were doing their country good service by making an attack upon us. So we went with the boarding school across the border to Biarritz, France; but in the days following when we had occasion to go back and pack up our goods and remove all our belongings, we met with no discourtesy, but only kind treatment on all sides. And when the war was over and Mr. Gulick went back to visit the city for the first time his friends were delighted to see him. They greeted him cordially; some of the most prominent men took hold of his hand and said, "When are you coming back to live with us again?"

When I left the Institute this spring I spent the month of April in Spain, and, although at first I was a little afraid to have them know I was an American, I found that they had the greatest interest in our country and asked me many questions. One man said to me: "Your country did well for us in the beginning, but why did it leave us in the midst of things? We hoped that your ships would come over to our ports and overturn the government and give us a republic." Others told me that they had strained their eyes to see the ships of America enter the ports of Spain. These men were generally republicans, but there are many more of this party in Spain than is supposed.

When the war began the rank and file of intelligent people were so ignorant that they believed their country to be as strong as any other power; it was, therefore, a great shock to them when they found themselves defeated. But the personal treatment of their prisoners by the United States was a

revelation. The prisoners had expected to be put to death, and some of them even said to the commanders, "Put us to death at once and don't leave us to dread it." But instead of that they were clothed and fed and all their wants supplied; and when they came back from the United States they were full of gratitude and praise of their conquerors. One person said with tears in his eyes, "They called me brother and gave me a dollar."

When the prisoners were in camp at Portsmouth, N. H., Mrs Gulick went there and spent six weeks near them. She went to the hospital every day, read to the sick, wrote letters for them and talked to them in their own language and comforted them. They showed their appreciation of it by publishing an account in one of the daily papers in San Sebastian, where we had lived so long. They seem now to have no hard feeling toward the United States, but only toward their government for leading them into such a war. Their idea of the strength and wealth of our country is almost pathetic. They feel that the United States can do anything for them if they only wish; that they could give them good government and put them in a position of ease and comfort once more. It seems to us now that there is an God given opportunity for this country to work for Spain. It is a responsibility laid upon it by God; the country is open to America as never before. We do not know what will be the future of Spain; we can only hope that they may see that the cause of their decadence was obeying the priests instead of God, and worshipping saints and images, and that their only hope is in receiving the Bible and embracing the religion of the country which they now consider so great.

God's hand was in the war that exalted our country. Let us use the victory for His glory.

## Roman Catholic Superstitions.

THE prayerbooks that are substitutes for the Bible among pious Roman Catholics are full of superstitions. Even when their prayers are addressed to Christ they are mingled with idolatrous expressions that cloud the truths of the Gospel. While there is an earnest desire of forgiveness of sin and the assurance and comfort of union with Christ, the energies of the soul are directed by the Roman Church toward some material object relating to Him. This year the Pope has ordered that there shall be a consecration to the sacred heart of Jesus—the physical, anatomical organ—in the churches throughout the world where he is acknowledged the vicar of Christ. He liberally grants indulgences and spiritual immunities to all who obey this command. He does not seek the conversion of a single soul or growth in grace and in the knowledge of God among his subjects. He only promises that their punishment for sin shall be less severe and the penalties of transgression lightened. It is not present salvation he holds out to the people by these acts of devotion and consecration, but a mitigation of their sufferings in purgatory.

Besides relief from the severity of purgatorial fires and the reduction of the time of punishment in that region, which the Roman theologians say is not far from the bottomless pit, the pious Roman Catholics are assured that by the observance of the practices recommended by the Church numerous benefits will accrue to them in this life.

Passing by the special devotions to the Virgin Mary and saints and the use of the many scapulars, brown, blue and white, and cords, ribbons and medals relating to them, there are blessings promised for wearing pieces of paper next to the heart. The first chapter of

the Gospel of John printed or written (the latter preferred) is a talisman when blessed by a priest and worn next to the heart. Prayers to the sacred heart and to saints for whom the devotees have special regard are used in like manner. Last month the daily press reported the sudden death of a woman in a railway station in Boston. She was not identified, and the only paper found in her pocketbook was an announcement of a mission given at the Church of the Immaculate Conception. But as the Boston *Herald* (September 12) reports, there was another paper found on her body, which was folded and placed over her heart, and on which was written a prayer purporting to be a guarantee against sudden death, if certain conditions were complied with; also that whosoever should repeat it every day would receive three days' warning of death.

The *Herald* printed the prayer in the hope that its publication would lead to the identification of the woman. But that result was not obtained, for so many of these papers, charms, amulets and talismans are used by the priests who give missions—Jesuits, Redemptorists, Paulists and Passionists—that it would not be possible to identify the persons wearing them. The following is the prayer, grammar and all:

### Prayer to the Holy Cross.

The following prayer was found in the grave of our Lord Jesus Christ in the year 1003, and was sent from the Pope to the Emperor Charles, as he was going into battle, for safety. Whoever shall repeat it every day, or hear it read, or keep it about them, shall never die a sudden death, nor be drowned, nor shall fall into the hands of their enemies, in battle, nor shall poison take effect on them, and it being read to any one in great pain shall get instant relief, and if you see any one in fits lay this on his or

her right side and they shall stand up and be blessed, and they who shall repeat it in any house shall be blessed by the prayer, and he that will laugh at it will suffer.

Believe this to be certain. It is true as the Holy Evangelist has written it. Those who keep it always with them shall not fear thunder or lightning, and they who shall repeat it every day shall receive three days' warning before their death:

Oh! Adorable Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, dying on the gallows tree, save me:

Oh! Holy Cross of Christ, ward off from me all weapons of danger.

Oh! Holy Cross of Christ, ward off all sharp repeating words.

Oh! Holy Cross of Christ, ward off from me all things that are evil.

Oh! Holy Cross of Christ, protect me from my enemies.

Oh! Holy Cross of Christ, guide the right way to happiness.

Oh! Holy Cross of Christ, ward off from me all dangerous deaths and give me life always.

Oh! Crucified Jesus of Nazareth, have mercy on me now and forevermore.

Oh! Blessed Mother of God, intercede for us poor sinners. Amen.

The promises of help and relief contained in the introduction of that prayer are like all the other promises of the Roman Catholic Church, false, delusive, dishonest. It is only a Jesuit who could be guilty of such a fraud. It is also characteristic of the teaching of Rome that the "prayer" should conclude with an appeal to the "mother of God." Surely the people whose souls are in bondage to such a system should be told of the salvation of God by faith in Jesus Christ. It is not the material cross, the work of man, that can save us, but what the Cross represents—the Sacrifice of Christ.

## Indulgences in Puebla.

BY REV. F. S. BORTON, D. D.

In the yard of the Church of St. Dominic in the city of Puebla there is a stone pillar surmounted by a brass cross. On three sides of the granite base are the following inscriptions:

1. "The Association of the Most Holy Rosary erects this cross in memory of the holy mission which we now celebrate in honor of the sixteenth anniversary of our most Serene Patroness during the feast of her glorious assumption. Puebla, August 21, 1898.

2. "Any one in a state of grace can gain a plenary indulgence by assisting at the erection of the cross of the mission.

3. "*Ten thousand years of indulgences* are granted for each time that any one in a state of grace and before this cross shall recite five times the Lord's Prayer and Hail Mary, with Glory, in memory of the Passion of Jesus Christ."

Although I stood near the cross for more than fifteen minutes and saw many people entering and leaving the church, no one took advantage of the most liberal offer except one old white-haired woman, who was probably as little in need of ten thousand years of indulgences as any one of the worshippers there. I could not help thinking that the people did not believe the lying inscription, or were no longer in need of indulgences, for in one day of ten hours, complying with the terms four times an hour a person could gain 400,000 years of indulgences!—or that they did not know how to read.

If any Roman Catholics in the United States are in need of indulgences let them come to Puebla and there at the Church of St. Dominic they can in six days of steady application gain 2,000,000 years of indulgences! and it will not cost them a cent. With such a capital

as that they can retire from business. If any reader doubt the above I will send him a photograph of the church and cross with the above offer of indulgences.

*Puebla, Mexico, Apartado 56.*

### Mexican Priests Converted.

The Rev. F. S. Borton, D. D., who thus writes on the amazing number of years of indulgences that can be easily gained in Mexico, is the head of the Mexican Methodist Institute in Puebla. He is a man of great ability and of fine Christian disposition, honored and respected by the best people in that city. Last spring when Bishop C. C. McCabe of the Methodist Episcopal Church was in Mexico he found Dr. Borton invaluable as an interpreter and co-worker in presenting Gospel truth to the people and warning them against the hierarchy, who do not know how to behave themselves. In a letter received from Dr. Borton last month he says:

#### Letter from Dr. Borton.

PUEBLO, MEXICO, Sept. 11, 1899.  
*Dear Sir and Brother:*

I enclose you an item that may be of interest to your many readers. Allow me to say that I enjoy your magazine, *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC*, very much, and after reading the numbers I send them to Mexican friends who read English. I hope you may be able to get out a Spanish edition of the "Story of the Huguenots" in book form. I believe it would have a good sale in Spanish America.

God bless you in your noble work. I have lived in this Roman Catholic land for eight years, and find that what the people need is "the Way, the Truth and the Light and the Life" of Jesus Christ; the true way, the Gospel truth, the divine light and the Christ

life. Instead of praying to saints long since dead, they need to be transformed into living saints themselves. Instead of paying so much adoration to sweet Mary, the mother of our Lord, they need to learn to love the Lord himself, and instead of weeping over a nightmare dream of purgatory they need to have the vision of Patmos flashed down into their sad lives.

Some of the priests here are true and holy men, but what are they amid such a multitude? Only last week a Spanish priest of Puebla was expelled from the country for gross immoral conduct with married women.

A little over a year ago we received into our church a Cuban priest, Father Joachim V. Cuervo, and he is doing noble work for us on a very small salary in Tuxtepe, State of Oaxaca. To day another very talented priest of Atlixco, Mexico, is asking for admission in our church. He is a learned man and a powerful preacher, and is also a person of means. His is a true heart's turning from the false religion of Rome to the true religion of Jesus Christ. His case is attracting much attention in Puebla, the stronghold of Romanism in Mexico.

F. S. BORTON.

Greenfield, Mass., Aug. 30, 1899.

DEAR SIR:—Our subscription to *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC* ought to have been paid some time ago. However, we have not forgotten your work. I have succeeded in securing one new subscriber for the magazine, and will continue to solicit wherever an opportunity presents itself. The great difficulty lies not in indifference to your work, but I find that every home is already supplied with all the literature needed.

We are especially interested in all you do, and hope, ere long, to hear of the debt on the Mission being removed.

Very sincerely yours,

D. D.



## A CHILIAN SHRINE--ST. SEBASTIAN OF YUMBEL.

BY MRS. LULU M. LA FETRA.

THE following account of a noted popular shrine in Chile recently appeared in one of the principal newspapers of Santiago de Chile. It will serve to give to our Roman Catholic friends in the United States and to others some idea of the grade of religious culture enjoyed by those peoples over whom the Papal Church has held undisputed sway for generations, as has been the case in the other Republics of Central and South America.

Another equally noted shrine is that of Andacollo, in the North, while this of Yumbel is in the South.

The twentieth of January is the day of the great harvest of twenty cent pieces and bills for the Bishop of Concepcion, Don Placido Labaraca, and for the clergy who are at his orders when they are busy with some mystic ceremony or some political scheme.

On such a day as this the humble and picturesque town of Yumbel is invaded by an enormous, fanatical multitude who come from the surrounding country. They are those who are going to fulfill their vows, and deposit in the treasury of the old Church of St. Sebastian the money accumulated at the cost of many privations and sacrifices; the money which buys divine favor; the money which will serve to fill full the coffers of the business like and mercantile clergy—when it is not expended, in times of election, in buying the votes of the ignorant peasants in favor of this or that clerical candidate.

From the first light of dawn all the roads that lead to Yumbel are filled with carts and rickety carriages which creak and groan frightfully. All are covered with a fine cloud of dust, raised by the caravan which trots or gallops quickly along in order to gain the first place at

the church door, where is consummated to-day the wholesale robbery tolerated by our laws and blessed by Catholicism.

In these tumble down carriages ride the ragged and dirty children among baskets of lunch and demijohns of wine and brandy, together with the harp which later will help to celebrate the carousals and drunken revels which will follow the fulfilment of vows, the mass and the procession.

There are also many perspiring fanatics who came barefooted and weary, expiating—so they say—sins they have committed. Perhaps among them are those who expect to be forgiven for the sins they will commit when the orgy is at its height and the liquor—the bad liquor—has risen to their heads.

There are some who make the pilgrimage in all good faith, conscientiously, pitifully so. At the beginning of the mass many of these may be seen several squares away painfully advancing on their knees, prostrating themselves and almost fainting on account of the rough pavement, which tears the flesh, causing so much blood to flow that one truly pities them.

And these poor deceived ones, who are for the most part women, as they touch the threshold of the temple door light bits of candles and penetrate within, always sadly prostrating themselves until they go to leave at the money-box, over which a priest stands guard, the money which they have saved after working like animals on the farms. Much of it too has been saved by living on half rations for days and weeks.

During the mass and long afterward the pilgrimage to the money-box, which receives the offerings, does not cease for an instant. It is a stream of money which falls drop by drop before the im-

passive St. Sebastian, who stands over the altar, protected by an iron fence. It is an awkward, repugnant figure. One searches in vain to find a harmonious line or a trace of art. It has the expression of a bandit arrested by justice in punishment by some low crime.

What is most worthy of attention at this saturnalian feast of St. Sebastian is the grimace which the priest or sacristan who guards the coffer put on as the money is deposited. If it is a little his expression is sour and hard; if the amount is satisfactory he laughs lightly with a patronizing and benevolent air.

Meanwhile the atmosphere has become heated and vitiated. It is heavy and nauseating from the heat of the tall wax candles, from the smoke of the incense and all the bad exhalations of the sweaty and unclean crowd. There is a continual murmur and noise of prayers, disturbed every moment by the harsh, strident accents of the priests who officiate.

The sum of money obtained to day assumes almost incredible proportions. One is safe in saying that the average amount never falls below \$50,000 even in the worst years.

Once the carnivalistic ceremony is concluded the faithful and those carried away by fanatical fervor disperse through the city and give themselves up to frightful excesses. It is not rare to find numbers lying in the street, sleeping off their drunkenness. The sound of the harp and guitar and the songs of women last till late at night, disturbing the peace and quiet of Yumbel, which is usually calm and orderly. All the thieves are present at the feast, and there is no watch nor pocket safe from their deportations. At night it is dangerous for a peaceable citizen to walk through the streets.

Such are the ceremonies celebrated at Yumbel by the clergy of Concepcion on the twentieth of January. When shall

such gross and repulsive spectacles be forbidden?

This article on the shrine of St. Sebastian in Chile is by a member of the family of La Fetra that conducts the well known hotel of that name in Washington, D. C. The Hotel La Fetra is not only an abiding place for the visitors to Washington, but it is a Christian home where the guests share with the members of the family the fellowship of kindred minds. The Rev. Dr. La Fetra and his wife (our correspondent) have been in charge of the Methodist College at Santiago de Chile for many years, and the great success of that institution of learning that has gained the respect of the Chileans in a marked degree has been largely due to their zeal, culture and good judgment. The following note accompanied Mrs. La Fetra's article:

SANTIAGO DE CHILE, Feb. 1, 1899.  
*Rev. James A. O'Connor:*

DEAR SIR:—We have long taken *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC*, and are very much interested in the work you are doing. I enclose an article which I thought might be of interest to your readers.

Wishing you great success in your work of faith and labor of love, I am,

Yours sincerely,

LULU M. LA FETRA.

CORTLAND, N. Y., July 27, 1899.

I enclose one dollar for *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC*. I enjoy reading your most excellent magazine very much. May God bless and prosper you in your loving and arduous labors for Him. It is a work very much needed, and very much neglected. M. H. K.

We thank our friend for his prayers and good wishes. Work for the conversion of Catholics is much needed, is much neglected, and, therefore, is very arduous.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

Weaverville, California, }  
August 16, 1899. }

*My Dear Brother:*

The August number of your excellent magazine is at hand, and, as usual, full of good things vigorously put. May its shadow never grow less, and may you who, amid difficulties innumerable, have so long and so successfully carried on a great and noble work be spared for many decades to come to continue the same. You are sowing in tears; you will reap in joy. Such is the promise of God.

I want to say to you that that California lady who spoke to you concerning conditions out here, as reported on page 227, is a keen observer of things. She sees the priests at work and sums up the result. Her indictment is severe, but just. These things ought not to be so. But what can be done under the circumstances?

Your informant seems to think that "the combined efforts of a united Protestantism" could do away with the evil. May be so. But is it not worse than useless to think of a "united Protestantism?" And if we could have a united Protestantism to oppose a united Catholicism would not that be an evil in itself? Would not strife and hatred and bitterness be the result? No! I, for one, thank God that Protestantism cannot be united to oppose Roman Catholicism, that it cannot stoop to employ the tactics of Rome for any purpose whatsoever. The end does not justify the means, nor can the kingdom of God, which is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, be brought in by arraying one united issue against another united issue. A united issue is a bad thing, no matter what it is and whence it comes. Men unite in order to fight others equally united on the principle that "might is right." But this is a

relic of barbarism and cannot be thought of in the furtherance of a righteous cause.

But shall we permit the Roman machine to run on and have everything its own way? Well, I would give the Roman bishops and priests all the rope they want, calmly resting in the assurance that when you give a body of men who are banded together for an unholy purpose all the rope they want, they will surely hang themselves. History will and must repeat itself. The counsel and work that is of men must ever come to naught. And surely those deeds of the Roman hierarchy to which all good and intelligent people object are the counsel and work of men—designing, unscrupulous, self-seeking men.

And again, is it not true that the cure for an evil lies in the evil itself? Let an evil, like the one in question, reach its climax and redemption is at hand. When it overreaches itself and becomes intolerable, and generally not until then, it will be understood and removed. That mysterious hand that has so often written doom upon palace walls comes slowly but surely. Shall we then fold our hands and let things go as they are?

Well, one thing is certain—we are not obliged to set the world right. That would be impossible, and no one can be obliged to do the impossible. Nor can we be obliged to make all non-Catholics understand Roman Catholicism. That would be impossible.

There lies before me as I write a copy of an excellent religious journal in which a gifted correspondent expresses his displeasure with Romanism as he sees it in the Philippines, but who believes that all would be well if "American priests of the type of Archbishop Ireland and his school" could be brought in there. Now, it seems absolutely useless to try and convince this man, and others like him, that the Romanism of the Philippines is the natural fruit of a bad tree,

the necessary result of an evil system, the thing fully developed under favorable circumstances, and that "Archbishop Ireland and his school" in their cunning disguise are Jacob-like defrauding our easy going American Esaus of their birthright. They cannot be convinced, and there remains nothing for us to do but to permit these elegant deceivers to have their way until they themselves perform the miracle of opening the eyes of those who are now apparently stone blind to all the evils of a bad system, a system that has cursed the world for ages and is apparently destined to curse it still.

Follow our hands and let things go as they go? No! We evidently have a duty before God and before our fellow-men. And that duty lies in delivering the message that God has given us to those who have ears to hear, and point out the evils of the Roman system to those who have eyes to see. Those who have neither ears to hear nor eyes to see must be left to the tender mercies of Rome to be taught by bitter experience. To this class belong men and women of all beliefs and of no belief, and their number is legion. But there is also in every city and town and hamlet an ever increasing number of people willing to learn and anxious to know the truth. Many intelligent and cultured Roman Catholics are becoming restless under the foreign yoke. They love their country and its institutions. They realize that it was Protestant thought and life that gave us our institutions, and especially our public schools, and that the very existence of all these is threatened by an alien power that pretends to have a divine right to rule over the bodies and souls of men. Their bishops and priests are delivering some very brilliant lectures trying to reconcile the irreconcilable, but they cannot be deceived any longer. But while the Roman veil is being removed they are

standing face to face with everything imaginable, and yet nothing in particular. They do not understand Protestantism, and Protestantism does not understand them, and down they go into blank and absolute unbelief. Many a sad and touching story of this kind could be told of silent and despairing lives. Here is a great opportunity for service. But to be of real service here one must be enabled to give his whole time and thought and life to it. Even that is little enough, but that little could accomplish great things. A wise and able leader of that kind on this Pacific coast could wield an influence for good that could not be measured. But where is the man and where are the means to support the undertaking?

Praying God to bless you, and to make you more and more a blessing unto others, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

FRANCIS WATRY.

### Circulate the Magazine.

San Francisco, Cal., Sep. 4, 1849.

Dear Brother:—Many thanks for your generous response to my request for some copies of *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC* for August.

This morning I called on one of our Methodist Episcopal pastors and left two copies for each month. He handed me one dollar to send to you as his subscription to the magazine for one year, saying he ought to take it. He promised to put the others where they would do good.

I shall try to distribute the magazines where they are needed.

May our loving Heavenly Father bless your work more and more.

Sincerely yours, C. O. S.

[Packages of *THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC* will be sent to our readers who are interested in the work of the conversion of Roman Catholics and desire to do missionary work among them.]

**FATHER O'CONNOR'S LETTERS TO CARDINAL GIBBONS.**

## FIFTH SERIES.

## XI.

NEW YORK, October, 1899.

SIR:—The daily press of September 21 had dispatches from Washington with headings like this (which I find in the *New York Sun*):

**THE CARDINAL AT THE WHITE HOUSE.**

This is what the dispatch said:

“WASHINGTON, September 20, 1899.—Cardinal Gibbons came over from Baltimore this morning and held a conference of half an hour with the President on matters relating to Catholic interests in the Philippines and Cuba. The call was made by appointment. The Cardinal had a private matter to present to the President, but after this was disposed of the conversation led up to a general discussion of the situation in the Philippines, in which the Cardinal is greatly interested. Many complaints have been made by the Catholic clergy that the American soldiers are looting and destroying their churches and other property, and a few days ago an investigation of their complaints was ordered by the President in a telegram sent to General Otis.

“It was admitted that until peace is restored in the Philippines and a stable government established, the Catholic interests there must suffer from the insurgents on the one hand and the American soldiers on the other. As there are about \$200,000,000 worth of property in the Philippines belonging to the Catholic Church, much of which is claimed by individuals, who allege that they were unjustly deprived of it, the situation is one of peculiar interest. At present the Spanish priests in the Philippines appear to have a hard task before them, as they must, for policy's sake, support the Filipinos in that portion of the islands controlled by them. It is realized by both the Government and Cardinal Gibbons that no readjustment of the relations between Church and State in the Philippines can be had until the island is pacified.

“The President and the Cardinal also discussed the situation in Cuba. While conditions there have greatly improved since the American occupation, the Church is unable to adapt itself to the new Government, as it has as yet no means of knowing what authority will prevail in the future. The theory of the Catholic Church, it was stated, had always been to act with the Government and support it. Consequently, whatever the sympathies of the priests, either in the Philippines or in Cuba, the traditions or customs of their Church would lead them to favor the United States Government while it was in possession, and to discourage revolutionary tendencies among the people.

“Owing to reports from Rome, to the effect that the Pope intended to send Cardinal Gibbons his views on the Philippine situation, so that the Cardinal may lay them before President McKinley, it was supposed that Cardinal Gibbons had called at the White House for this purpose. But this was denied.”



When the war with Spain was over it was generally believed that the fruits of victory would accrue to this country. That would have been the normal condition if the terms of peace had been arranged by the United States and Spain without the interference of any third party. The nations of the earth held aloof, as they were required by international comity, but the Church of Rome was a power that must be taken into account. The Pope was not a temporal ruler, but he was the spiritual head of the Spanish people and of one seventh of the population of the United States. Hence his agents at the peace conference in Paris demanded that the condition of the Roman Catholic Church in the countries surrendered by Spain should be considered. Fully one-third of the wealth of the Philippine Islands was in the hands of the monastic orders, property in land chiefly which, unlike commerce, could not be destroyed whatever form of government might be established. The Filipinos who appeared before the peace commissioners presented facts regarding the wealth of the monks and the manner in which it was acquired that were startling, but their plea for a restoration of the property to the rightful owners was disregarded.

The insurrection in the Philippine Islands preceding the declaration of war between this country and Spain was not so much against the Spanish government as against the tyrannical rule of the monks. The Church was more powerful than the civil authority, and the Spanish army in the Philippines was used to uphold the ecclesiastics against the rebellious people. When, therefore, the Filipinos learned that the United States would protect the monastic orders, they resolved to continue in rebellion. If to-day President McKinley should issue an order that there would be a readjustment of property interests in the Philippine Islands and that the monks could retain only what rightly belonged to them, which could be established by properly organized courts that would give a fair hearing to all concerned, the Filipinos now contending against our troops would lay down their arms. The question of church property was the original cause of the insurrection of the Filipinos. The crimes of the monks were secondary. For these they were punished when captured. But when the Government of the United States declared that the interests of the Church, that is, the possessions of the monks, would be protected, the harrassed people of the Philippines turned against the country from which they had expected deliverance. The war in the Philippine Islands is a sad spectacle for our country, and I am sure no one deplores it more than President McKinley. But, I repeat, if he gave assurance to the Filipinos that the rule of the priest should cease and a form of local self-government be established under the protection of our flag, peace would soon reign in those tropical islands. If President McKinley were free to act according to the promptings of his own heart he would speedily put an end to the wretched state of affairs in the Philippines. But the Cardinal at the White House is a factor that must be considered. Archbishop Ireland has long been known as a staunch Republican in politics, an able advocate of the principles of the party of which President McKinley is the chosen representative, and his frequent visits to Washington and consultations with the Republican leaders have been well understood by those who are on the in-

side of party movements. He has obtained places and promotions for his followers and has posed as the representative of the Roman Catholic Church in this country. But the politicians know very well that he is not trusted by the authorities at Rome and that his influence with the Roman Catholic voters is not what he represents it to be. Nine-tenths of them vote the Democratic ticket.

Last year Archbishop Ireland was most active in seeking to prevent the war with Spain. He knew well how disastrous it would be to "the most Catholic country in the world." And when the Spanish colonies came into possession of the United States he labored industriously to protect the interests of the Church. He went further and tried to influence the Government to place obstacles in the way of Protestant missionary work in our new possessions. In a recent interview (in the *Outlook*) he said:

"I cannot approve of any efforts of Protestants to affect the religious duties of the inhabitants of the islands. Catholics are there in complete control; they have a complete Church organization; the inhabitants are Catholics. Some of them may not live up to the teachings of their faith, but they have no idea of abandoning that faith for another. It represents all they have ever known of a higher life. Protestantism will never take the place in their hearts of that faith."

When he gives vent to such bigotry we may be sure Ireland has used his influence to advance the cause of Rome in the Philippines.

But why should you go to the White House, Cardinal? You are not a politician like Ireland, nor a Republican; you have been a Democrat and could not ask for office for your friends during this administration, nor expect favors from it. Why, then, should you formally call on President McKinley at this time?

The day after the report of your visit to the President was published the press associations sent out another report saying that your conference was not regarding the use of church buildings by our troops, as some of your people said. But the real history of your interview was not given. The President, like many of our best citizens, has no relish for this war in the Philippines, though of course he must insist that the Filipinos lay down their arms before a form of self-government can be granted them. But after consultation with Dr. Schurman, the head of the commission that he sent out to the Philippines, he has resolved to recommend to Congress that terms of peace be offered to the Filipinos. Dr. Schurman said they were fit for self government. When the press reported these facts you communicated with Rome, and received instructions from your masters there to inform President McKinley that whatever terms of peace should be offered to the Filipinos the "rights of the Church" should be respected; that is, that the possessions in land and other property dishonestly acquired by the monks should not be confiscated, as they surely would if the Filipinos were left to themselves. You would rather see the war prolonged and thousands of our soldiers killed in battle or by disease than that the Church should lose a plantation. That is the spirit of Rome. If President McKinley should heed you, he will be sorry that he ever admitted you to the White House. We shall see.

Yours truly, JAMES A. O'CONNOR.

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## LIFE IN ROMAN CATHOLIC MONASTERIES.

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BY AUGUSTINE BAUMANN, FORMERLY "FATHER AUGUSTINE," OF THE  
PASSIONIST MONASTERY, HOBOKEN, N. J.

### CHAPTER XX.

Feasts and fasts are important things in monastic economy. Some people imagine that the monks have it either all a feast or all a fast. The truth is that they have a fair proportion of both. To speak of the fasting first, I may say that three days a week are fast days with the Passionists during the entire year. Wednesday, Friday and Saturday are the three doomed unlucky days, and many a friar wished them out of existence altogether. What reason is there for making ourselves more miserable on those days than on any other, was the question which I often asked myself. On Friday we were told that we had to fast in honor of the death of Christ; on Saturday it was in honor of the Virgin Mary. But what of Wednesday? The fast on that day had apparently no reason at all, unless it was thrown in for good measure.

A distinction is made between fast and abstinence. The fast means to eat no food of any kind, and the abstinence merely means to abstain from food of a certain kind, such as meat, eggs, milk, or meat and fish at the same meal. It is well known that the Roman Catholic Church looks upon abstinence from meat as a wonderfully efficacious penitential practice. Not that there is any special evil in eating meat, but because the Church wants her members to punish themselves. But even with this explanation it must be evident that very little is to be gained. Looking at the economy of this world it is very unjust to the Roman Catholics. Why should they deprive themselves of meat on certain days, though they form only one fifteenth or one-tenth of the population of the globe, while the immense majority of the human race eat meat to their heart's content if they have it. It is one of the many peculiarities of the religious system of the Roman Catholic Church. But I am not directly concerned with the Church; the monks are the particular object of my attention, and they abstain three times as much as other Catholics.

They console themselves however by the consideration that if the ordinary Roman Catholic is so much better than the Jew, the Protestant or the heathen, the monk is three or four times better than the ordinary Catholic by abstaining three or four times as much. If this be the way the monks look at it there would be no reason for their abstinence. But I leave the reader to judge for himself whether he will think the monk a better man and a better Christian for his abstinence from certain kinds of food.

Besides the three abstinence days every week, we also had now and then a holy vigil before a feast when meat was also an abomination. During the whole of Lent from Ash Wednesday to Easter Sunday, forming a period of six weeks, we were not allowed the sight of meat at all except on Sundays, and that was permitted by special dispensation in this country. From the first Sunday in Advent till Christmas day, for a period of four weeks, we were also forbidden to eat meat. During the last years of my

stay in the monastery a good superior came to the conclusion that milk and eggs were included in the obligation of abstinence, so that we had to rely on fish and vegetables altogether for food during those long periods. Abstinence was a special discomfort for me ; I could never eat the disagreeably cooked macaroni which was served up almost every fast day ; the potatoes done up in oil had no relish for me ; and as for the vegetables, they consisted principally of chicory leaves and stalks boiled in water and full of sand. Sometimes we received a salad or a few olives. Imagine yourself making a meal out of salad, chicory and macaroni in the morning and another of macaroni and chicory at night. It is no very enticing menu, and I am not surprised that after nearly twelve years of that sort of regimen I returned to civilized life with a ruined stomach and a lost appetite.

But I must not forget beans ; they often formed a considerable adjunct to the menu, and were baked as dry as it was possible for the brother who wore an apron in the kitchen and who was called cook to make them. I also remember rice with a certain feeling of thankfulness, for it is hard to spoil rice even when it is boiled in water mixed with cheese and a taste of brandy thrown upon it. I often tried heroically to eat it, especially as I was told it was a dessert. The fish was always splendidly spoiled. Not many persons unaccustomed to a monastic diet would have recognized it as fish ; it was always a mixture of fins, scales, dough and a nondescript substance supposed to be white meat. Those holy abstinence dinners and suppers beget a fear in me whenever I remember them. If there is a place under the earth where the wicked are punished forever the devils there could not invent a worse punishment than abstinence dinners for the inmates in cases where extreme penalties were required.

I repeat again that our one great consolation of abstinence extended to drinks. During the first half of my pious monastic career I lived on beer and bread with butter on Sunday, and during the second half I chose a glass of wine at the meals because I believed it was more nourishing. It is difficult to conceive how monks could get along without drinks. They would be ruined creatures with no earthly consolation at their meals and half starved besides, for with the drinks it was often possible to eat sufficient bread to satisfy the most pressing demands of hunger.

As for the fasts, they were scarcely less of a nuisance than the abstinence. It may be remembered that I said the monks have only a mid-day and evening meal. For this reason the rule says that every day is a fast day. The brethren are not supposed to eat anything between six o'clock in the evening until twelve o'clock the following day. Originally this rule was strictly observed, but the founder discovered that the young students could not study on such thin rations. The students therefore were by rule allowed to take a cup of wine and a morsel of bread in the morning after prime and tierce. Later the seniors also found that from excessive fasting they could not preach, teach, hear confessions or pray, so they were also permitted a cup of wine and some bread about eight o'clock in the morning. When the original Italian fathers came to this country to found monasteries they adopted coffee instead of wine for the morning collation, and Rome consented after a struggle. Strange to say, while wine is con-

sidered an ordinary beverage, coffee was considered an awful luxury by the authorities in Rome.

A simple cup of coffee with a slice or two of dry bread in the morning is all the breakfast the monks young or old get among the Passionists. This means that they are fasting every day, and in truth one cannot over-eat of such a meal easily. Only one cup of coffee is allowed, a second cup being strictly forbidden except on feast days and holidays, when a little butter was also allowed. Many a time I felt grateful for the gift of a little butter on a holiday, and if ever I enjoyed anything in my monastic life it was the Sunday butter. I saw also that others enjoyed it as well as myself, and sometimes they took it half an inch thick on their bread to make up for the privation of the week. On certain fast days we were not permitted to use milk in our coffee, and then to see the sad faces of the monks taking their black coffee was enough to remind one of the scenes described by Dante where men looked not like themselves. I am grateful for my escape from the Inferno and Purgatorio and enjoy as well as anyone living the air of liberty.

Our fasts and abstinence being so annoying, it may be conceived what a corresponding pleasure was caused by the approach of a feast. The feasts are divided into first and second class and feasts of the rule. The first class feasts are the most important. On such days there would be butter in the morning and two cups of coffee. At noon we would be treated to a tolerably good dinner consisting of two kinds of meat, extra vegetables, dessert and perhaps a new brand of wine or beer. In the afternoon there would be a generous lunch with a glass of wine or beer, and in the evening we had a good supper with fruit or other dessert. The first class feast is announced to the friars by the ringing of all the bells in the church tower on the evening before, and is inaugurated by solemn matins. If there are any pleasant recollections in my mind of life in the monastery, they are mostly connected with first class feasts. There are about fifteen of them in a year, and they might well be doubled as being extremely conducive to the health and comfort of the friars.

On first class feasts we also enjoyed the luxury of white table cloths, for during the meals on ordinary days no cloth was spread over the tables. But even among the first class feasts there were some which were observed with unusual festivity. Such a one was the feast of St. Paul of the Cross, which fell on April 29 every year. Something unique and extraordinary was always prepared for such a day. The harmonium would be taken from the choir to the recreation room early in the day by the students; in the afternoon the students were allowed to spend about half an hour of their recreation with the elder friars and priests, and in the evening the whole community assembled after supper for recreation. A lunch would be served, the brother would bring more drinks and the community could then give free vent to the spirit of hilarity. One of the friars would sit at the harmonium and play all the tunes called for, and which the friars remembered from the days when they were young. While I was in the monastery near Louisville we had an English friar there who knew a number of jolly songs frequently sung in taverns and clubs in England, and the friars took the greatest delight in hearing him sing those songs in a



boisterous voice. While I was in West Hoboken a priest there knew a great many negro songs, and he was invariably called upon to sing all of them. The singing would be interspersed with stories by the missionaries, who delighted to tell about Father Malone's housekeeper who was blind of one eye and could hardly see with the other; about the negro who made sure to eat the chicken before he went to confession so as not to be obliged to make restitution of stolen property, and similar events. The stories told by the seniors who went all over the country on missions made the juniors long for the day of their ordination, when they would have the same opportunities of escaping from the routine of home life and getting up for matins.

The recreation would finish about ten or eleven o'clock, the rector would announce to the friars that he dispensed them from the duty of getting up for matins that night, and the good friars would go to bed in the happiest of humors, having not only spent the day pleasantly, but being also confronted by a happy sleep through the entire night. About four or five times a year the students might be permitted to make an excursion at some distance from the monastery and return at nightfall. These whole day walks were also looked forward to with a great deal of human interest, and speculation often ran high among the students as to where they would be taken on their next excursion. Happily I was given temporary charge of my junior fellow students in Hoboken while waiting for a steamer to go to South America, and then I took them to Atlantic Highlands and to West Point all within a week during vacation. They enjoyed such trips as they served to relieve the monotony of the daily routine, the fasting and the long, tedious prayers.

## CHAPTER XXI.

The spiritual conference is one of those things which conduce considerably to making the life of a novice miserable. Every week the unfortunate recruit must go to the master of novices and beg for a spiritual conference. The affair is not what we usually understand by the name of conference; there are no exciting speeches, no votes and no patriotic resolutions printed after the meeting is over. The novice simply knocks at the master's door and, on being admitted, humbly falls on his knees in the presence of the superior. In that attitude he waits until the master is disengaged and condescends to take notice of him by ordering him to arise, take a chair and be seated. He then opens the conference by some informal questions, such as: How is your health, Confrater Michael? Do you sleep well, Confrater Michael? Do you have a good appetite, Confrater Michael? Confrater Michael answers these questions honestly: his health might be better if he were not cooped up so much in the choir; his sleep is very good, only there is so little of it; and his appetite is splendid, but there is such a limited opportunity of satisfying it. When these preliminary interrogations have been settled Confrater Michael is asked about his spiritual condition. Does he like mortification, is he happy when he is penanced, when he has to fast, or when the rattle wakes him up at matins; is he satisfied to continue to serve God without shoes, is he pleas-

ed with the chanting in choir, does he enjoy the discipline, and is he cheerful in the solitude of his room? These and similar questions are asked, and a careful scrutiny is made of all Confrater Michael's desires and feelings.

The novice that is determined to become a monk at all costs will persuade himself of many things, will stifle his thoughts, ignore the discomforts and generally give a satisfactory account of the state of his soul. The state of his mind is next inquired into, and his opinions about everything he sees are questioned. He would not dare to give an adverse opinion on anything, for he knows that his stay at the novitiate is entirely dependent upon his absolute acceptance of all the monastic precepts and doctrines. He first deceives himself, and then deceives the master by giving quite a different color to many of his answers from what the truth might require. The master then undertakes to point out all the shortcomings, supposed defects or real faults of Confrater Michael, saying: "I see you eat your meals too quickly or too slowly; you drawl too much when chanting in the choir; you raise your habit too high when going up the stairs; you hold your head too much to one side; you laugh immoderately at recreation; your conversation is not sufficiently spiritual; you are very negligent in performing your manual work," etc., etc. The main thing is then taken up, namely, How do you make your daily meditation? The novice for the most part has to answer that he cannot meditate at all, that he does not know how to spend the many hours every day in choir at the supposed meditation. This is set down to the work of the devil, who loves to distract the minds of young men. Confrater Michael therefore must not be discouraged, but must go on defying the devil and denying all his natural inclinations.

Such in short is a spiritual conference. At first sight it does not seem to be anything particularly onerous, yet a short trial would convince anyone that it is no pleasant ordeal. The master pries shrewdly into every thought, word and act of the novice, and leaves no stone unturned to know all his secret thoughts and feelings. The first and second time it seems easy to undergo the scrutiny, but the constant repetition and investigation, made more searching every time, rakes up every nerve in one's body. These conferences are kept up for years after one leaves the novitiate, though, of course, the investigation is not so trying. I went to a spiritual conference hundreds of times, and acknowledged each time that I could not bring myself to meditate for one hour consecutively on the subjects presented, but that my most constant, though apparently futile, thoughts were about literature, poetry, science, art, family, home, etc. Notwithstanding this admission, when asked whether I was happy in the monastery, I invariably told my superiors that I was, though from my own statements they might have seen that I was deceiving myself, that I had other desires and inclinations from those which a good religious monk is supposed to have. I was merely told that these things were a temptation of the devil, or the downward instincts of human nature, and that it was the duty of a monk to combat nature and the devil.

The last spiritual conference I had was about two weeks before I left the monastery for good. I made no secret of how it stood with me. I said I

would be a better man if I were free and out of the cloister; I felt that all this striving against nature and the devil was a chimerical affair, that after fighting on monastic lines for twelve years I was still myself a man, and, therefore, the battle was lost. My good father director reminded me of my many obligations, how I was responsible for the students under my charge, that it would be a terrible scandal to the people, a blow to the community and a loss to the students who loved and esteemed me if I left the monastery. He assured me that it was nothing but a temptation of the devil and the flesh. I had heard that so often that it no longer made any impression on me. The power of spiritual conferences was gone when my esteem and respect for religious observances in general had left me, and the last advice which I received from my spiritual guide to go and beat my back so as to punish the flesh and the devil was not calculated to renew my esteem for monastic principles. I have no more use for spiritual conferences of that description, and I have not become a worse man since I have given up fighting the devil in the monastic way.

Next to spiritual conferences confession is one of the means employed to keep the monk to his supposed duty. All good Roman Catholics go to confession. But the monks, instead of doing so once or twice a year, have to undergo the ordeal every week. Many of them under the influence of fear go several times a week. I say under the influence of fear, for when that is gone they may not go to confession at all, or they may leave the monastery altogether.

I can say from experience that the confessions of a monk are uninteresting. He tells his confessor how he neglects his meditation, his prayers, how he breaks silence and commits some other trifling fault against the rule. The confessor then gives him a cut and dry advice and a slight penance, and the confession is over. It is only when the monk has done something unusual that he finds confession annoying. He hates to tell the priest who sits next to him in choir and in the refectory, and with whom he quarrels at times during recreation, that he has taken a great liking to Susan O'Brien, that Maggie O'Neil kisses him every time he visits her at her home if her mother is not around, or that a certain young widow is constantly in his mind. It does not always occur to the poor friar that the best thing for him to do is to leave the monastery and marry the girl he loves and that loves him. No; he tries to conciliate two extremes—the profession of celibacy and of high spiritual virtue with the love of family and the honorable instincts of a man. To leave the monastery would be a terrible scandal; all the world would talk of it; they would point at him as a man who had become unfaithful to his vows, a renegade to his faith, and a disgrace to the Church.

If he has not sufficient courage or strength of mind to extricate himself from the toils into which he has fallen he may compromise by going to a confessor outside of his own community. By confessing and promising to amend he will get absolution and his sin will be forgiven. But soon the friar returns to his former way of life, and then after compromising again and again, alternately confessing and hiding, he finally becomes a pessimist, and considers morality only a matter of outward show. He begins to hate everything in the monastery, yet he has not the courage to

leave it. Such have been only too frequently the results of the discipline and supposed striving after a monastic perfection which is purely chimerical. I speak from my own experience, that both the spiritual conferences and confession are wholly inadequate to stem the tide of the natural desires and inclinations of mankind, whether in a monastery or in the world outside. In the last resort the unfortunate victim may become insincere, hypocritical and false, and the means supposed to make him perfect will only make him a brute.

Of course I do not wish to accuse all the monks of insincerity and hypocrisy. Perhaps the majority try as best they can to follow the rules laid down for them in attaining perfection. The fact that my experience has not been satisfactory is not sufficient proof to the contrary. During the first years in the monastery the silly confessions and spiritual conferences are mere annoyances, but when the young monk is ordained a priest and becomes a father confessor the confessional exposes him to serious trials. If he is to practice perfect celibacy he ought not to be permitted to hear the confessions of all comers, especially of young ladies and gushing widows. Common sense suggests that the means are not adjusted to the end, and the wonder is that so many friars faithfully and conscientiously perform their duties as confessors. Far from blaming any individuals for their faults, I think that the system deserves all the blame. It places men in a position in which they can neither naturally nor supernaturally be perfect; and this is only an additional proof of the absurdity of the monastic theory and practice.

All this, of course, is not apparent to novices. They enter the monastery, make their vows and begin their career without really knowing what is before them. While repeating their idiotic letters and insane ejaculations, when sweeping the corridors or working in the kitchen, and saying when they see horses or mules, "Oh Lord, make us all like jackasses," they do not know that in reality they are every day making not only asses but fools of themselves. What the confessions, spiritual conferences, chapters, penances, fasts, midnight risings and endless choir singing fail to accomplish in making them brutes and fools is done later on when they become father confessors without faith, and spiritual directors without knowledge of God or of human nature. They are blind leaders of the blind.

I have now described at considerable length the principle practices of the novitiate and the customs of the novitiates, and I think the readers will agree with me that not one of the things I mentioned can possibly be a means of elevating human nature and making a man perfect. Yet the one main object of monks is to strive after perfection. That is the objective point of all monastic institutions, of all the rules and regulations drawn up by the founders and by popes. The result cannot be doubted. Monasticism only produces unhappiness, develops moral defects, destroys one's manhood, and instead of making a monk perfect, leaves him without natural feeling, natural sentiments or lofty ideals.